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Only sixty days more of Cleveland.

Senator Wolcott, of Colorado, who manifested his devotion to the cause of silver by supporting Major McKinley and the gold standard, goes to Europe in the interest of a possible international bimetallic conference as one almost without hope. After a council with the President-elect he departs to feel the pulse of the Old World, and to furnish the Republican party with an appearance of endeavoring to keep its platform promise of effort to secure a restoration of the double standard. But he confesses he does not expect to accomplish anything worth while, which is a burst of frankness that does the Senator credit as a man, and that will reassure that not inconsiderable body of Republicans who thought they were voting the silver question out of existence in November.

Nevertheless if Senator Wolcott tries hard he will be able to find a great many bimetalists in Europe. Professor F. W. Taussig, himself of the gold set, in the Quarterly Journal of Economics, shocks his co-believers by acknowledging that there is a strong party on the other side of the question. "It must be readily admitted," he says, "that on the subject of bimetalism in its international aspects there is a great divergence of opinion among those competent to form a judgment." This applies to the United States as well as to Europe. "A poll of the economists would probably show a majority for the principle of international bimetalism and a very strong vote in favor of some specific mode of putting it into effect." He adds:

Among men of affairs in the United States the fears and suspicions aroused by the cry for independent free silver have indeed caused a natural swing to the other extreme, and a feeling in favor of an unqualified and uncompromising gold standard. At the advocacy of international bimetalism by both political parties in this country, though doubtless due in good degree to a desire of political managers to conciliate the silver vote, indicates a general admission that this proposal is consistent with the principles of a sound currency. In European countries, and notably in England, the permanent retention of the gold standard by all the great countries is by no means an article of general faith in the business world, and certainly is less so now than it may have been ten or fifteen years ago.

The unofficial conference of the representatives of the political parties of various countries which Senator Wolcott attended in London may not, and probably will not, result in anything practical. The party with which the Senator is associated does not at present wish that it should. But bimetalism will come eventually. We cannot have a solidly based and safe monetary system until we are resting on both the precious metals. Europe will to bimetalism, too.

V. BLACK MAKES A BINNING.

January 1, 1897, Frank S. Black took an oath to support the Constitution and to administer the laws of the State of New York as Governor. The same day he delivered an address containing this sentence:

"I pride of opinion will retard the fullest recognition of any view that may tend to the public interest. No intolerant clamor or irresponsible assault will force a single executive act."

Upon the Governor signed the warrants for his arrest. The next thing he did was to reappoint Jacob Worth, Clerk of Kings County. The next thing he did was to hold a private consultation of great length with the Hon. J. B. Chatham, who is said to have stated close that the Governor had offered him, and he accepted, the office of Superintendent of Insurance.

Those are the salient facts in the history of Frank S. Black's first day as Governor of New York.

In his inaugural address he serves notice on the public that public opinion will never swerve him a hair's breadth from his course. And then he shows what his course is to be by reappointing to office a man who has no business out politics, who went poor into the State Senate and came out rich, who with no means but a salary is able to maintain a millionaire's establishment, who has been openly charged with bribery, who has tried to steal the Brooklyn Bridge and to take possession of the Board of Charities, with its vast patronage, and who is known as Platt's boss of Brooklyn.

As if that were not definite enough, the one-day-old Governor has a secret confabulation with a man who all the while has been a professional lobbyist, which means a professional corruptionist; who admitted the fact in Senate document No. 66 of 1895; who was described by Elihu Root the same year as having been since 1868 "notorious, a scoundrel in the nostrils of all good and honest men in the State of New York," and is asserted to have promised him an office which to a corrupt holder would be a mine of enormous wealth.

Evidently what the people have expected of Governor Black is coming to pass.

BY INSURANCE PAID ARE DIFFERENT

The news announced in Saturday's Journal that Lou Payn's appointment to the post of Superintendent of Insurance has been decided on, in spite of the protests of an indignant public, occasions the inquiry why this protest was so ineffectual. A very little consideration reminds us that among the voices raised against this appointment we do not remember to have heard from a single prominent officer of one of the great companies. Some daily papers have assumed to speak for the companies, but they have not interested those whom they claimed to represent enough to get an expression of opinion from one of them. It is no secret that these companies contribute very liberally to the campaign fund of the dominant party. It cannot be doubted that their influence with the "boss" of that party is somewhat commensurate with their liberal contributions. If they had been opposed to the appointment of Mr. Payn with anything like unanimity, and had seriously demanded that he be not appointed, under penalty of the withdrawal of their financial support, the appointment would not now be as good as made. The inference is irresistible that they did not protest, this inference is strengthened by inquiry which discloses that the companies and their managers are completely indifferent about the matter.

The situation seems to be that the companies consider a good man, not fully versed in insurance, would be a benefit to their interests, and to the interests of the State. And they have arrived at this conclusion of experience.

When insurance companies did not contribute to the campaign fund and make friends with party bosses, or good superintendents almost indifferently, they were continually easy marks for the politicians because their interests were so vast, and they understood that shrewd rascals would not be so innocent and plausible measures at which notwithstanding were the interests of the State.

men engaged in a reputable business to be compelled to submit to blackmail or to fight, at enormous expense and trouble, bills which were backed by the united support of "strikers" of both political parties.

The boss system and campaign subscriptions did away with all this. It was a dignified manner of handling the matter; it required dealing with but few men; it was more economical and far more effective.

The installation of a well-intentioned man, not conversant with insurance or out of harmony with the views of the great companies, would be an invitation to these "strikers" to again put in an appearance. And for this reason: Such a Superintendent might encourage legislation which he believed, on the information which he possessed, to be for the public interest, but which would be supported by "strikers" for what they could make out of it. Such a result is by no means unusual. In any case, the security which the companies now enjoy would be gone if a Superintendent were there who would not be guided by the counsel of the party boss.

With the glad new year Great Britain confronts the case of Lord Penrhyn and 8,000 other men. Penrhyn inherited ownership of some slate quarries in Wales. Seventy-one persons employed there formed a committee to secure improvements in their condition, such as shorter hours of work and better pay. They were promptly discharged by Penrhyn. Thereupon 2,700 employees stopped work. Penrhyn, angered by this, declined the friendly mediation offered by the Board of Trade and shut down operations in the quarries, throwing out of work in the dead of winter 5,000 men who had taken no part in the affair, who have no chance of other employment in Wales and no means of getting away, and who have, many of them, families dependent for life upon their labor. When remonstrated with for this action Penrhyn said he did not propose to "establish a precedent for outside interference with his private affairs."

Doubtless Lord Penrhyn will have the sympathy of many employers in the noble stand thus taken. Impractical reformers will probably point out in their pernicious way, that (in their view) the quarries whose title inheres by inheritance in Penrhyn, which are worked by 5,000 men whose families are supported out of a proportion of its profits, and whose product is distributed all over the British Isles, cannot be properly referred to as Penrhyn's "private affairs." They will say that the men who did the work had the moral right to protest if they were being cheated out of a greater share of the profits than they could reconcile with the demands of nature for food, clothing and shelter, and that their protest is not really "outside interference." Nor should we be surprised to hear them denounce Penrhyn as a conspicuously vigorous practitioner of "man's inhumanity to man" and call him a heartless, soulless and conscienceless oppressor, such as our social system breeds in increasing number.

But radical reformers are a bad lot, and their views will not be accepted in the clubs or among the trusts. No man who labors with his hands has a right to existence except under the law of supply and demand. If Penrhyn can get new men for his quarries, as undoubtedly he can in the present overworked state of the labor market; if he can starve the refractory ex-employees into submission, or if he can get along without operating the quarries at all, the 8,000 men, their wives and children, may go hang or freeze or die in any other way. Penrhyn has no duty toward them as an employer. As a man, of course, now you speak of it, it would be doing the handsome thing if he should distribute charity among them, but there is no obligation resting on him to do so much as that. They were contented, they interfered in his private affairs, they deserve all they have got.

Mr. Rockefeller, Mr. Havemeyer, Mr. Olney, Mr. Carnegie, Mr. Pullman and others should unite in a cablegram of congratulation to Lord Penrhyn.

FOOLS AND FIREARMS.

The reckless fools who on occasions of public fun and license discharge loaded firearms should be dealt with sternly when they fall into the hands of the police. On New Year's Eve three persons were wounded in New York by chance bullets, one woman so seriously that she may die. A man got a ball in the arm while he was standing in his doorway, and another was shot in the face. No one with a particle of sense will fire off a revolver needlessly in a city of this size. There is always at best the possibility that the balls in their descent may strike human beings. Disregard so extreme for the safety of others deserves to be ranked and punished as criminal. The fact that the energetic idiot means no harm is not a valid excuse when harm is done.

General Lew Wallace has entered the Indiana Senatorial contest. Wallace would doubtless make an excellent United States Senator, but with two railway presidents pitted against him he will find the pace much more exciting than that which obtains in a chariot race.

Hon. Warner Miller has been in Washington instructing the Ways and Means Committee on the subject of pulp. The frequency with which Mr. Miller has been run through the political machine should make him a high authority on pulp.

The United States ships Vesuvius and Dolphin have been added to Weyler's fleet. Spain is fortunately situated, while Mr. Cleveland remains in office, for she can spend all her money or military operations, leaving the United States to conduct the naval operations of suppressing the revolution.

The "better element" of the Chicago Republicans are holding meetings and passing resolutions denouncing Alderman Madden's Senatorial candidacy. Local experience shows that objectionable candidates for the United States Senate are not to be headed off by the mere passing of resolutions.

General McLevee's criticisms of the gaudy trappings of Governor Morton's military staff came rather late, but arrived in sufficient time to enable Mr. Morton to perform the act of official decapitation.

Mr. Quay's prosecution of Pennsylvania politicians who resort to questionable methods to secure success merely shows to what extent some men will go to maintain a monopoly in their business.

Mr. Sheehan and Mr. Parry seem to have perfected extensive arrangements for an exciting fight. It would be rather embarrassing to these gentlemen if Tammany should decline to furnish the battle ground.

There are rumors that the Delaware methods of choosing a United States Senator are likely to be as explosive as Mr. "Gas" Addicks's political stock in trade.

It is presumed that as soon as Mr. Hanna decides on the material and cut of his inauguration clothes the country will be duly informed to the minutest detail.

Delaware is not a very large State, but Mr. Addicks is of the mistaken opinion that it is big enough to support two Legislatures.

Mark Hanna, at the head of those 12,000 Ohio office-seekers, ought to make a feature of the inauguration parade.

The House of Yellow Brick.

In the lower part of Pell street there is a house the people of the block call the "yellow brick." Nearly all the houses thereabout are brick, and many of them are painted yellow; but this one alone is so called. It may be that it is the only house that has been painted within the memory of the oldest resident of the quarter, and so took its name; for an event of the kind would be much talked of at the time and become a part of the folk lore.

Now, for example, in this matter of tradition which becomes folk lore in the quarter: Kate never knew the woman who was strangled to death by a Chinaman in the yellow brick; neither did the woman Kate succeeded in the back room up two flights; nor did that woman's predecessor know the strangled woman, yet they all frequently told the story, talked about it, thought about it, dreamed about it. It occurred ten years ago, and Kate was the fourth tenant of the room since then, for the women live only about three years after they go into the quarter.

Some live longer—much longer. If they do not "get the habit," do not become slaves of the opium pipe.

"I'll never get the habit," Kate said to the woman who occupied the room inside of hers. That inside room was totally without natural light or ventilation, unless Kate, as she sometimes did, lighted and ventilated it by opening a door which connected the rooms, and gave the two tenants an opportunity for social visits.

"I'll never get the habit," she repeated to Lena, "for they say you go terrible fast after you get the habit. Is it so, Lena?"

Lena gave a quick glance at Kate, saw the half wistful, half frightened look in her young face, and then answered, carelessly, "Oh, there's them as says the pipe isn't so bad at that. The Chinks smoke all their lives and no harm."

"But they say that's because they're chinks, and that whites is always done by it."

Lena made no reply at once. She was boiling a tin pot of coffee on the little stove. Kate had sent out to No. 16 an hour ago for the coffee, but when it came she did not want it, and Lena, coming in and seeing her condition—for she herself was dying of the habit, and knew the signs—Kate to drink the coffee, and the girl promised to do so if it was heated again.

"Did you know the girl who was strangled in this room?" Kate asked, when she had taken the cup of hot coffee and placed it on the oilcloth-covered table by her side.

"Sure not," Lena replied, laughing. "That was ten years ago, and I'm here only three years. How long is this you've been here, Kitten?"

"It's two years come—why, it's two years to-morrow, New Year's Day."

"And you was seventeen?"

"Sixteen then," Kate answered. "That accounts, then," Lena said, under her breath, for she knew that the youngest girls succumb quickest to the quarter. She knew that Kate had had the habit only a year, for she did not smoke the first year she was there, and was already dying; whereas Rose, the negro woman, who lived on the floor above, had had the habit four or five years, and was a strong woman yet, to the amazement of the white slaves.

"Drink the coffee, Kitten; it's good for you," Lena said.

"Did you go to church Christmas?" Kate asked.

"Sure I did. I never miss church on Christmas. All the girls were there—nearly all, except you."

"I smoked too much the night before, and didn't wake up at 5 o'clock."

"We all stayed up so as not to miss."

"Was it good?" Kate asked.

"Yes," Lena said; "it was awful good. I got blue and cried." She laughed a little as she said this, and Kate laughed, too. Rose came into the room, looked sharply at Kate, and then said to Lena: "Went she drink the coffee?"

"I don't want it," Kate said, wearily; but the other woman induced her to drink some.

"I'll stay up to-night," she remarked after a while, "and go to church at 5 in the morning."

"I wouldn't smoke, then," Rose said, "until after the church. It's terrible unlucky to be dopey in church, and it's only once in a year."

"I want, if you'll stay with me, Lena, and help me to keep from it," Kate said. "I haven't got the habit, you know; I wouldn't get it; but I feel terrible like a pipe now. I won't get ratty if you'll stay, Lena. I'd like to go to church New Year's morning because I remember—see, I won't smoke or get ratty if you'll stay, Lena."

Lena did stay, and she had a hard time keeping the girl from throwing herself out of the window on to the stones of the court below. Rose came and helped, and by the use of such remedies as they knew they had Kate asleep for a couple of hours before they started out in the chilly morning air to walk to the church on Mott street.

They were on their knees in the back of the church when a woman softly knelt by Lena's side, called her sister, and asked if she might pray for her.

"Speak to her, lady," Lena whispered, motioning to Kate's awfully form. "Speak to her; she's going first—and soon."

The woman drew close to Kate, and put an arm around her, and she would have fallen. She called her sister, and asked her to pray.

Lena looked into the woman's beautiful, bearded face, and answered in a frightened whisper, "I can't, lady."

"Were you never taught?"

"Yes, lady, but I forgot. I never forgot until now. Now I forget—you see, it was two years ago—will you—will you pray for me?"

The woman held the girl in both of her arms, and whispered such prayers for her soul that Kate softly wept, and after a little remembered a child's prayer and sobbed it out.

The three walked to the yellow brick together, and went up the dark stairs to Kate's room.

"May I call on you?" the visitor said, at the door.

"Yes. When?" the girl replied eagerly.

"To-day. I'll come back at 9 o'clock. It will be a New Year's call," she said, smiling, as she left them.

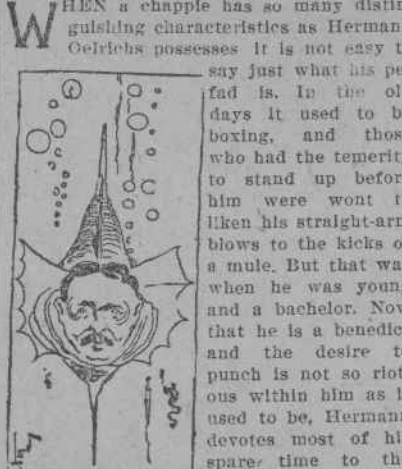
She called at the hour. Lena met her and said, "Some one called before you, lady."

The visitor looked into the room and murmured, "I did not think it would come so soon."

"She might have lived a other day, a week or—see, as a man—he would smoke after 700—did he smoke you, lady?"

FADS AND FOLLIES OF THE 400.

By Cholly Knickerbocker.



Piscis Oelrichsiensis.

When a chappie has so many distinguishing characteristics as Hermann Oelrichs possesses it is not easy to say just what his pet fad is. In the old days it used to be boxing, and those who had the temerity to stand up before him were wont to liken his straight-arm blows to the kicks of a mule. But that was when he was young and a bachelor. Now that he is a benedict and the desire to punch is not so riotous within him as it used to be, Hermann devotes most of his spare time to the quieter and more refined diversions of society: to balls and vaudiville parties and dinners—especially dinners. There is no body in all the Four Hundred that can order a dinner to beat Hermann Oelrichs, and there is not anywhere a better judge of a dinner after it is ordered. He is the epicure par excellence.

But neither his appetite for good food nor his taste for good company can win him entirely from athletics. As the gladiator ever longs for the arena, so your athletic chappie always cherishes the sweet desire to exercise his muscles. And right here comes in that pastime that seems to be Mr. Oelrichs's pet fad.

It is swimming. So expert is he in the water that he has been nicknamed "the human fish." The stories of his skill and endurance as a swimmer are as numerous as Bourke Cockran's dinner invitations, as extravagant as Mrs. George Gould's diamond crown and as entertaining as Perry Belmont's persistent pre-eminence. In the sudoriferous summertime it is not uncommon for Mr. Oelrichs to spend whole days in the water. A little swim from Seabright to Long Branch is only a gill-opener for him. His favorite picnic, when the temperature is right, is to take his lunch with him and swim straight for the open sea to meet and welcome the incoming transatlantic steamships. It is not an uncommon thing in July and August for home-bound voyagers to see the genial countenance of Mr. Oelrichs before sighting the familiar Fire Island Light.

Of course, these exploits compelled the admiration of the world; except so much of it as is represented by Mr. Killian Van Rensselaer, who also loved the sea—to look at. From his cozy nook in the Seabright sands Mr. Van Rensselaer regarded Mr. Oelrichs's nautical exploits very much as a fiddler crab might consider the deep sea plunges of a man-eating shark. Indeed, Mr. Van Rensselaer declared that Mr. Oelrichs's capers in the depths of the Atlantic were not only the acme of human folly, but were an invitation to all the sharks in the ocean to visit Seabright and depopulate its surf. Mr. Oelrichs retorted that the most degenerate shark could not possibly have the bad taste to bite Mr. Van Rensselaer, and then there was talk of a duel.

But that's another fish story. Mr. Oelrichs's most recent, and perhaps greatest, aquatic achievement was the invention at Newport last Summer of a game called "man fishing." In which one chappie tried with rod and line to land another chappie from the water. Mr. Oelrichs always took the fish end of the game and always won.

It certain well-known chappies, whom I might mention, but won't, were to adopt this delightfully manly and virile fad of Mr. Oelrichs.

It would be infinitely better for them and their friends. They also play fish, but it's in drinking, not swimming.



"Poor little man!"

"Poor little man! Is 'oo tired? Poor 'ittle man! Does 'oo want to ride in cab? Poor 'ittle man!"

"For God's sake, hush! Somebody will hear you!"

"Poor 'ittle man! What's 'oo 'raid of? Poor 'ittle man!"

"Here, cabbie, drive to—"

and the address was given with a smothered curse word as the lady was hustled into the vehicle still murmuring in her world-wide sympathy: "Poor 'ittle man!"

They had just come out of the Waldorf, and the glare of the electric light showed the "poor 'ittle man" to be the possessor of one of the most familiar faces seen daily in Belmont's. His companion was superbly dressed, and seemed to be full of compassion. Who were they? What does it matter? They had found the New Year a good thing and were pushing it along.

Much comment has been caused in the innermost circles of society by the presence of Mrs. George de Forest at the dinner given by Mr. and Mrs. Oliver Belmont on New Year's Day. It has been known for some time that Mrs. De Forest was persona non grata to certain members of the Belmont family, or, if you wish to put it the other way, that certain members of the Belmont family were personee non grata to Mrs. De Forest, and therefore the conclusion was forced that Mr. and Mrs. Belmont chose their dinner guests without considering the preferences or prejudices of the rest of the family.

It is just such momentous matters as this that make life worth living in the exclusive world of fashion.

With a certain set of chappies the shotgun is the means of the most delightful diversion possible. They never miss an opportunity to poot away at poor, unoffending pigeons, and just now they are making the most of their opportunities to extract fun and a few dollars from the pastime. Fred Hoey took the scalp of General Mr. Gould Brokaw very neatly at Lakewood on Friday. It isn't often that Fred gets a pigeon pie like that. On the same day all the other cracks met at the Westminister Kennel Club, where H. Edey and George S. McAlpin carried off the honors.

McAlpin, by the way, is not a member of the family of the great and glorious extinguished light of ex-Governor Morton's staff. General McAlpin has a brother George, but his middle initial is L and he doesn't shoot. The McAlpin pigeon shot comes from South Carolina.

I was a trifle disappointed in the shooting of my old favorite, George Work, although he did manage to divide first money in the "tides and out," while the champion, Edgar Gibbs (emphatically the Gibbs) Murphy, seemed to lose interest in the proceedings after the five loaders, of which he was one, agreed to divide first money in the handicap.

"Payer, old boy," Joe Knapp, Wallie Watrous, Charlie Dolan, Ben Kittredge and the Floyd-Jones family were not in it at all.

"My stage of the proceedings. Nevertheless a really wise bird will assume the attitude of the pigeon in the accompanying illustration when there is a dude around with a gun."

From this time on we shall have a lot of this sort of thing, and the chappies with sporting blood will find ample opportunity to back their favorites. The uncompromising dude element will risk its all on George Work, although Charley Parker and other pigeon-popping experts prefer "The Irish King," as Mr. Gibbs-Murphy is reverently referred to, and are ready to bet their money on his famous trigger finger. But when it comes to dudedom proper the last dollar will be staked on "Hard-faced George" and his trusty gun.

With Calve as Marguerite in Gounod's "Faust" and a grand ball at Mrs. Astor's we shall start the week very well indeed to-morrow night.

I hear, too, that Chauncey, old chap, is going to give a ball very soon in honor of his niece, Miss Anna Paulding. What all this gentry on the part of Dr. Depew is tending to only he knows, but the rest of society is guessing. The only trouble is that it can't fix on the lady, Chauncey is so impartial in his attentions to the fair sex.

"Willie Wallie," by the way, is ill at Cleveland with gout and slight chills, as I learned direct from London last night.

Mr. and Mrs. Carroll Beckwith's nursery entertainment last night was ever so much nicer than those horrid vaudiville shows that are just now the vogue. All the chappies and chappies went as children under ten years old.

How cunning! Just imagine Stanford White as a baby in long clothes!

It's all too tootsy-wootsy for anything.

What is one man's joy is another man's woe. Here is Governor Morton snugly at home in the Stuart mansion that William C. Whitney recently purchased, and is anxious to occupy, while Mr. Whitney must go off to the South with his bride and wait the Governor's pleasure to quit the premises. Nor is this all. Governor Morton is tearing down the house at No. 681 Fifth avenue with the intention of erecting a fine residence in its place. A very good thing for the Governor, but a veritable nuisance to Mrs. Victor Newcomb, who lives next door above. By and by, however, Governor Morton will get things as he wants them and then we shall all be happy.

Gossip still concerns itself, both here and abroad, with "Willie Wallie" Astor. He is to sell his New York real estate and become a British subject; he is to have a title for his friends; he is to be Prince of Wales; he is to wed with Wales's daughter, with Lady Randolph Churchill, with the Duchess this and the Countess that; he is to go to Parliament and to do every other possible thing that idle imaginations can invent.

Let me put all these silly rumors at rest. "Willie Wallie" is going to marry Queen Victoria and sit upon the arm of the British throne, while he tells her how to rule the British people. Now cease your nonsense.

Two hearts that beat as one.

With Lady Randolph Churchill, with the Duchess this and the Countess that; he is to go to Parliament and to do every other possible thing that idle imaginations can invent.

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The na of His Dad.

Never in all his society career had Murphy, president of the Students' Social Club, shone with more dazzling effulgence than at the initial white shirt function given under the auspices of that organization New Year's night. As the society reporter would put it, Mr. Murphy was the life of the assembly.

Besides ordering the beer and corned beef sandwiches, beating the leader of the orchestra down to a reasonable figure (with his fists), and purchasing a large purple rosette for the floor manager, Mr. Murphy had stood at the portal early in the evening to see that gents habited in other than white shirts were not admitted; for the affair was strictly and irrevocably recherche. On this account Mr. Murphy took unto himself airs, interspersed with more beer than he really needed.

"If I do say it myself," he remarked along toward midnight to a favored few of the assembly, "dere's no moths on dis blowout. Nothin' but pallid shirts on de floor, an' not an alley belle in sight. Chased all dat wasn't up to date."

"Dat's wot youse did, Murph," said the ladies and gents.

"But I don't like de way Bug Cassidy is stackin' up," resumed the president. "He floats 'round here in his last' year's close, 'trowin' up a benzine front to beat de orchestration. He's too swell to booze wit any of us parties, an' he never drinks none outside. He only sneaks off an' smokes reed birds by his lonely," Mr. Murphy added, as the derelict pulled out and